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V E R S E S

T O

Mr. *TICKELL*,

O N

Mr. Pope's Translation

O F

H O M E R.



L O N D O N :

Printed for *T. Baker*, and Sold by all Booksellers. 1715.

(Price Three Pence.)

V E R S E S

TO

Mr. TICKELL,

ON

Mr. Pope's Translation

OF

W. O. M. E. R.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Bate, and Sold by all Booksellers. 1712.

(Price Three Pence)

V E R S E S

T O

Mr. *Tickell*, on Mr. *POPE*'s Translation
of *HOMER*.



ELL then th' expected Hour is come at last,
This Age of Nonfence rival's all the past :
Sing joyful *Jo-Peans* ! Antient Wit,
Shall now to Modern Confidence submit.
Great *POPE* has to the Combat *HOMER* dar'd,
Already see the Champion is prepar'd ;
(That Fame so long so justly He enjoy'd,
Is now for ever doom'd to be destroy'd :)
In Martial Pomp hark to the Lists he comes,
(Hight *Lintott's Shop*) Subscriptions are the Drums :
The Beaus and Criticks Judges of the Field ;
How soon does the poor baffled Antient yield :

The

The *Britons* shout, and now *Victoria* cry,
 And canst Thou TICKELL stand thus tamely by,
 And not like Him thy daring Nonsense try?

Thus unconcern'd and idle in the Throng,
 With the vast Store that does to Thee belong.

Foremost thou should'st have been--- but since his Case,

(As Merit oft to forwardness gives Place ;)

'Tis thus become,---- the second Glory share,

And from the *Mantuan* Bard the Laurel tear.

Maro by DRYDEN is but half disgrac'd,

Let Him by Thee be totally debas'd ;

Thou sure athletic Bard art chiefly fit,

Of all the blustr'ing empty Foes of Wit !

Thy fustian Strain shall bear Thee to the Skie,

And with his Elegance shall proudly vie :

In what can he be thy superior found ?

Tho' great in Sense, Thou full as great in sound !

On then with speed--- the gen'rous Task pursue,

Murder his *Trojans*, his *Rutilians* too ;

Those who shou'd live let thy outrageous Pen,

Destroy, and bravely slay the slain again.

His

HIS TURNUS last dispatch by slaughter'ring strains,
 And spare the Pious *Trojan* Hero's Pains :
 His peaceful *Georgic's* fill with dire uproar,
 And fright the Swains with Sounds unknown before.

Let not, or Nature, Art or Sense take place,
 Let no such Things a Work of thine disgrace;
 With fit Disdain let those mean Trifles fall,
 And with stupend'ous Nonsense charm us all.
 Such as wherewith Thou cramd'st thy blund'ring strain,
 As once thou bellowd'st Peace with *France* and *Spain*,
 Or furiously disturbd'st our *GEORGE's* quiet Reign.
 Such gracious *Tonson* with a smile shall Crown,
 And *Lintott* ne'er refuse who knows the Town ;
 And such great *Steele* (thy most Judicious Friend,)
 Shall readily Approve and Recommend.

Such Lines as thine my Hero ! Never fail,
 For Noise and Nonsense over all prevail :
 Nonsense and Noise are Fortune's special Care,
 By these alone Titles and Wealth we share,
 Oblige the Great, and oft subdue the Fair.

But

But Wit, like Truth, or Honesty, they shun,
And swiftly from the bold Disturber run.

Shou'd baffled *Homer* in these Days revive,
And hope in *Britain* on his Wit to thrive,
Patrons and Criticks wou'd those Hopes deceive,
And in the Lurch the failing Poet leave:
The Beggar might renew his canting strain,
And trudge from Door, to Door, for Bread again.

S I N I S.